

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

JIM EDIE HAS A GROUCH.

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"When a man begins to talk of his soul to a married woman it behooves a fairly virtuous man to break up the conversation," was the speech that floated over my shoulder in the gay voice of Jim Edie.

Mr. Hatton and I both started rather guiltily, and although I was dying to get out of him that it was Mollie he was talking about I turned and answered Jim.

"No man, Jim, can be 'fairly' virtuous, because there can be no question of degree in virtue. You must be wholly virtuous or not virtuous at all."

"Happy thought for the dance program, Hatton," was Jim's observation.

"Come on, Margie; I want to show some of these dubs who think they can dance what real dancing is."

My eyes followed Jim's and I caught sight of Dick across the room dancing with Eleanor Fairlow. They did not seem to be hitting it off together at the very best pace, but they were talking very earnestly. Dick was looking rather sullen and Eleanor distressed.

"How long have you been here, Jim?" I asked.

"About a half hour. I came with Harry, Ellene and Eleanor Fairlow, and since I came I danced with both of them. You and Hatton were so busily engaged in your flirtation behind that big palm that you did not notice the flight of time."

"Hush, Jim! Don't be a goose. I am afraid poor Mr. Hatton is in love with Mollie."

"Why do you call him 'poor' if that is the case?"

"Because he seems to think that something stands in his way of telling her so."

"He is a fool!" was Jim's sententious sentence.

"Don't you think, Jim, that there might be something that would stand in the way of a man telling a woman that he loved her?"

Jim put me through a number of fancy steps before he answered and then sputtered, "Look here, Margie, I'm no high brow like Hatton to muse upon and discuss the whys and wherefores of love. It's dangerous. I never could understand why women—all women—either married or unmarried, wanted to philosophize about it so much. You have all you can do to make the girl love you if you fall in love with her without asking yourself a lot of silly questions about which is the right and which is the wrong thing to do under the circumstances."

Jim was so much exorcised over the matter that he almost lost step as I answered by the question, "And isn't it hard for a man to stay in love after he has won the girl?"

"I don't know," was his curt reply. "You see, I never won her."

I looked up startled. Some way I had never thought of Jim as being in love with any one.

"Please, Mr. James Edie, will you let me dance with my own wife?" asked Dick at this moment.

"With pleasure," growled Jim. "I've seen her when she was more entertaining."

"But never when she looked better," was Dick's gallant reply.

"That's no lie," acquiesced Jim.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

WELL-KNOWN MEASURES

Peck of trouble.
Keg o' nails.
Bushels of fun.
Pork barrel.
Cup of sorrow.
The big dipper.
Flowing bowl.

—Grand Rapids Press.